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## THE YEAR AND THE DAY.

OUR satellite the moon has this remarkable property, that it turns on its own axis in precisely the same time that it takes in completing a revolution round the earth. The result of this is that men have been known to state, with an air of scientific research, that it does not turn on its own axis at all. But *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, for, as Herschel remarks, if a man will only walk several times round a stick, with his face always towards it, he will find from the unpleasant sensation of giddiness that he has been rotating on his own axis also.

Now, the earth moves in a most confusing manner round the sun. It rotates on its axis about 365 times while it revolves about the sun; if it were exactly 365 times, the year would be difficult to manage, on account of its not being readily divisible into months or other periods. But it is about 365½ times, and, to make the confusion worse, it is less than this number by an insignificant fraction, which *will* make itself known in course of years.

If we were to go back to the earliest correct, or moderately correct, notion of the length of the solar year, we should probably find it among the Chinese. But in their case it is impossible to tell what is false and what true. If, however, we are to believe their historians at all, we shall have to allow that in knowledge of this sort they anticipated Europeans by about two thousand years. The Chaldeans and the Egyptians were very early in the pursuit of astronomy, yet quite modern in comparison with the Chinese. In Europe, the Greeks, at an early period of their history, were aware that the revolution, called the solar year, occupied about 365½ days; but for a long time could not arrive at a more exact determination, and it was not till 140 B.C. that any accurate idea was formed. At that time lived Hipparchus, otherwise 'The Father of Astronomy.' He pursued the science in Rhodes; and by comparing his own observations of the summer solstice with those taken by Aristarchus about 140 years

before, he arrived at a fairly correct result; in fact, whatever inaccuracy there was lay chiefly with Aristarchus. Modern investigations give as the exact time occupied by the earth in moving from a point in the ecliptic to the same point again, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49·62 seconds.

The Romans seem not to have had the advantage of even the imperfect knowledge possessed by the early Greeks; and as our calendar has come down to us directly from them, it will be our object to examine the development of their system.

At first, the moon was their guide.

Romulus instituted an arbitrary year of 304 days, containing ten months, and commencing with March. Numa, finding that this was so far from the length of the solar year, and that consequently the seasons occurred at different times in different years, added two months, January at the beginning, and February at the end. Here, by the way, we may mention that in 452 B.C. the Decemvirs altered the order, putting February between January and March. Numa's year contained 354 days; and the superstition of the times caused the addition of a day to make it an odd number, which was considered more lucky.

Thus the year became 355 days. This was known to be too short. Numa therefore ordered that every other year a month should be inserted between two days near the end of February, which month should consist alternately of twenty-two and twenty-three days. But notwithstanding this clumsy arrangement, the year was still nearly a day too long, for it was brought up to an average length of 366½ days. Lastly, this inaccuracy was to be overcome by the omission of one intercalary month in twenty-four years. This was pretty accurate, and might have worked well; but it was left in the hands of the pontifices. Some say that they abused their power over the length of the year to serve political or personal objects. It may have been from ignorance or carelessness; but certainly when Julius Cæsar, as pontifex maximus, examined the state of the calendar, he found that

winter months had crept back into autumn, and the heat of summer was raging in the months of autumn.

At this period, he called to his aid the astronomer Sosigenes, by whose advice the so-called Julian Calendar was framed. The lunar year was abolished, and with it the confusing arrangement of intercalary months. Cæsar ordered that the average length of the year should be 365½ days; and, to effect this, decreed that every fourth year should contain 366 days, the others 365—so that there would at first seem to have been very little change from that time till now. But again the pontiffs interfered with the working of it. The Romans had a peculiarity in computing intervals of time which may have caused a mistake in the arrangement of the leap-years. They always counted intervals as including the extreme limits; that is to say, they would call the 5th day of a month the 3d before the 7th; we should call it the 2d before it. At all events, the pontiffs, instead of making every fourth year, made every third consist of 366 days. The error thus introduced was gradually corrected by Augustus: it was not large, and therefore he had not to resort to the violent measures of his predecessor Julius, who made the year of his reformation consist of 445 days, which truly was a 'year of confusion.'

Our months are necessarily of different lengths, but they might be more evenly arranged. They seem to follow no law except that of the little rhyme, which every one is supposed to know. Had we received the Julian system unaltered, this little poem about the thirty and the thirty-one days would never have been needed. The original distribution was such that the months were alternately composed of thirty-one and thirty days in the leap-years, and in the other years a day was taken from February, which was always regarded with spite as an unlucky month. Thus, July consisted of thirty-one days, August of thirty. Accordingly, in the time of Augustus, gross adulation caused a day to be taken from February, the poor unlucky but ill-used month, and added to the one which bore the emperor's name, merely that his month might not be shorter than July, his predecessor's. The emperor *may* have been gratified by the attention, but it is hard that we should suffer for it.

The Julian method was nearly complete: the year thus established was only 11 minutes 10·35 seconds too long, which amounts to a day in 129 years.

When the Julian Calendar was instituted, the vernal equinox was fixed at the 25th of March; and had it not been for the slight error in the length of the solar year which resulted from the arrangement of Sosigenes, we should probably still have it on that day. As it was, however, the equinox receded; and at the Council of Nice, in 325 A.D., it was settled that the 21st should be distinguished as the day of its occurrence. And here it is remarkable that no correction was made which

would prevent further recession, and absolutely fix the equinox on the 21st. The existing calendar was very convenient, simple, and accurate, as far as temporary results; but the error induced must have been manifest; and it must also have been clear that in every four centuries the seasons would be one day out of place. The necessity of reformation was felt by the Venerable Bede as early as the eighth century; it was subsequently recommended to the pope by the philosopher Roger Bacon; but the first attempt at correction was made in the fifteenth century by Pope Sixtus IV. To assist in this, he invited the great astronomer of that time, Regiomontanus; but by the death of the latter, the project was not carried into execution until the accession of Gregory XIII. to the papacy. His system was as follows: The Julian plan of intercalation was adopted, with the exception that the first year of a century should not be a leap-year unless it were divisible by 400. Thus the length of the year was brought so nearly to exactitude, that in a period of three thousand years the error amounts to less than a day, which is certainly of no great importance. This reformation was made in 1582; and it is a curious coincidence that whereas the Julian Calendar was finally drawn and fully written out by a scribe named Flavius, the Gregorian was published and explained by Clavius.

The reformed or Gregorian Calendar was almost immediately adopted in all Roman Catholic countries, and the seasons were brought back to their original places in the year by the omission of the ten days which had accumulated since the Council of Nice. In Scotland it was adopted in 1600, and in the Protestant states of Germany in 1700. In England the *vox populi* was so strongly opposed to change, that no alteration was made until the year 1752; and, indeed, when the change eventually came, it brought with it a most ridiculous outburst of popular ignorance. The 2d of September of that year was followed by the 14th; so that the eleven days, which was the amount of difference between the old style and the new, were omitted in that month; and the lower orders of the nation, under the impression that they had been unwarrantably deprived of something, clamoured vehemently but fruitlessly for the restoration of these days. At the present time, Russia is the only European country which adheres to the old style.

All things considered, our calendar seems remarkably simple, and, for all human purposes, sufficiently exact; but, in conclusion, we will quote a passage from Herschel's *Astronomy* with reference to the system adopted in Persia:

'A rule proposed by Omar, a Persian astronomer of the court of Gelaeddin Melek Schah in 1079 A.D. (or more than five centuries before the reformation of Gregory), deserves notice. It consists in interpolating a day, as in the Julian system, every fourth year, only postponing to the thirty-third year the intercalation, which on that system would be made in the thirty-second. This is equivalent to omitting the Julian intercalation altogether in each one hundred and twenty-eighth year (retaining all the others). To produce an accumulated error of a

day on this system would require a lapse of five thousand years; so that the Persian astronomer's rule is not only far more simple, but materially more exact than the Gregorian.'

## BRED IN THE BONE.

### CHAPTER XXI.—THE MINERS' BANK.

As, though Richard had fasted long, he could not eat, so, though he was fatigued with the travel of the last two days, he could not sleep. He turned from side to side upon his pillow throughout the weary night, and strove to lose himself, and shut out thought, in vain, even for an instant. He got up, and paced the room; and when the streaks of dawn began to shew themselves, drew up the blind, and looked forth. It was a very different scene from that he had been accustomed to contemplate at Gethin. In place of the waste of ocean, specked by a sail or two, whose presence only served to intensify its solitary grandeur, the thickly-peopled city lay before him. But as yet there were no tokens of waking life; the streets were empty, the windows shrouded, and a steady drizzle of rain was falling, which gave promise of a wretched day. Even when the morning advanced, it was difficult to make out the individual buildings; but he had had the Miners' Bank pointed out to him on the previous day, and he thought he recognised it now. It was there that the business which he had proposed to himself was to be effected, and he gazed at it with interest. The wisest of us are simple in some things, and though so knowing in the ways of the world—that is, of *this* world—Richard knew nothing of banks whatever, and wondered whether he would have any difficulty in carrying out his object. He could not foresee any; it seemed to him that the banking folks would be glad to oblige him in the matter in question, since, if there was any advantage, it would be on their side. But there were six hours yet before he could perform this business, and since sleep was denied him, how was he to pass the time? There was a large book upon the drawers, which he had not hitherto observed, with the royal arms stamped upon it, and the name of the hotel inscribed beneath them. It did not look like a devotional work, but it was the New Testament—a work that was very literally new to Richard Yorke. He had seen it, of course, often, was acquainted by hearsay with its contents, and had joked about them. It is the easiest book in the world to make jokes upon, which perhaps accounts for its being so favourite a subject of ridicule with foolish persons. Shakspeare is also easy to make fun of, but the *souperon* of blasphemy is in that case wanting, which, to many, forms the chief charm of witty converse. Richard looked at it as a dog looks at a stick; but he took it up, and opened it at random. 'Having no hope, and without God in the world.'

He was not a believer in sortilege. If the text he had chanced upon had been ever so applicable to his own condition, it would have made but little impression upon him, and this was not very pertinent in its application. He was by no means without hope. He had come to Plymouth full of hope, though disappointed at its not having been already exchanged for certainty. He had good hope of inspiring John Trevethick

with confidence in his social position, and consequently of obtaining his consent to marry the woman who had now become indispensable to his happiness. He had even some hope of yet inheriting a portion of his father's great estate. He could not be accused of spiritual ambition. Any other sort of hope than that of being in a position to enjoy himself thoroughly, had never entered into his mind. Just now, however, he was far from enjoying himself; he was a prey to anxiety, and any opportunity of forgetting it was welcome to him. Not without an effort to be interested, therefore, he reflected upon these words, which seemed rather to have been spoken in his ear aloud, than merely to have caught his eye. He had already shut the book, with contemptuous impatience, but he found himself, nevertheless, repeating: 'Having no hope, and without God in the world,' and pondering upon their meaning. He wondered at himself for taking the trouble to do so; but if he didn't do that, his thoughts would, he knew, be even less pleasantly occupied, so he let them slip into this novel channel. How could a man be without God in the world, if God was everywhere? as he had somewhere seen or heard stated, and which he believed to be the fact. It was one of the objections against the Bible, was his peevish reflection, that it was self-contradictory in its assertions, and unmistakably distinct only in its denunciations of wrath. Here was a case in point, and one which might justly be 'taken up' by a fellow, if it was worth while. As for himself, he was no sceptic. Exeter Hall might have clasped him to her breast (and would) upon that ground. He was accustomed to use the name of the Creator whenever he wished to be particularly decisive; but for any other purpose he had never named it with his lips. Even as a child, his mother had never taught him to do so. She had never spoken to him on religious subjects except in humorous connection with the Heads of the two Churches to which her first husband had belonged—Emanuel Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott. If the expression 'without God in the world' meant the living in it without the practice of religion, it certainly did have an application to himself; but also to every one else with whom he was acquainted. Of course he had known people who went to church—young men of his own age, whom their parents compelled to do so, and who envied him the liberty he enjoyed in that respect; and the poor folks at Gethin went to chapel. But even there, shrewd fellows like Trevethick and Solomon did not trouble themselves to do so. True, Harry went! But then women, unless they were uncommonly clever, like his own mother, always did go to hear the parsons. Parsons, as a rule, were hypocrites. He had met one or two of them in town under circumstances that shewed they had really no more 'nonsense about them' than other people, but in the pulpit they were bound to cant. Look at Mr Whympier, for instance—the best specimen of them, by-the-bye, he had ever known—who could doubt that his mind was wholly set upon the main chance? to what slights and insolences did he submit himself for the sake of feathering his own nest; and how he had counted upon that fat living, of which the Squire had so cruelly disappointed him! Talk of religion! why, there was Carew himself, with thirty thousand a year, and did not spend a shilling of it on religion! True, he kept a chaplain, but only

as a check upon his steward, to manage his estate for him. If there was really anything in it, would not a rich man like him have put aside a portion of his wealth, by way of insurance—insurance against fire—and here Richard chuckled to himself.

It was all rubbish, these texts and things. He would dress himself, and go out and take a walk, although it was so early. He had already heard sounds in the house as though somebody was astir, so he rang the bell. It was answered by a sleepy and dishevelled personage, whom he scarcely recognised for the sleek 'night chamberlain' whose duty it was to watch while others slept, and who had given him a bed-candle not many hours before.

'What! still up, my man?' said Richard gaily.

'Yes, sir: the morning mail has but just come in; we had a passenger by it. I put him in the room under you; but he seemed a quiet one, and I didn't think he'd 'a disturbed you.'

'He did not,' said Richard. 'I have been awake all night, and never so much as heard him. Can I have some hot water?'

'Not yet, sir, I'm afraid; there's no fire alight at present. I can get you some brandy and soda, sir.'

'No, no,' answered Richard, smiling; 'I shan't want that; and as for the hot water, I can do without it; but now you're here, just tell me, for I am quite a stranger to your town, isn't that high roof yonder,' and he pointed to the object in question, 'the Miners' Bank?'

'Yessir, that's it. Ah, if the morning was but a little finer, you would have a lovely view from this here window—half the town and a good slice of the harbour! There's a splendid building out to the left there, if the clouds would but lift a little. That's the County Jail, sir.'

'Indeed,' said Richard carelessly, and turned away. 'Just take my boots down with you, as I shall want them as soon as you can get them cleaned.'

The man did as he was bid. Directly he had left the room, Richard pulled down the window-blind, and staggered to a chair. Perhaps want of food and sleep had weakened him; but he sat down, looking very pale and haggard, like one who has received a sudden shock. Why should one man have answered him last night 'the convict ship,' and now this fellow have pointed out the jail? It was only a coincidence, of course; but if there was ever such a thing as an evil augury, he had surely experienced it on those two occasions. 'This is what comes of burying one's self at Gethin,' thought he, smiling faintly at his own folly. 'If I staid there much longer, I should begin to believe in mermaids and the Flying Dutchman.' Jail! Why, if the very worst should happen, the matter would only require to be explained; he was in no real peril from the law, after all. Indeed, the very revelation which he most dreaded would only, by exposing the true state of affairs, precipitate his happiness. Trevet-hick would then be as eager as himself to hasten Harry's marriage.

Thus he reasoned until something of equanimity returned to him. Then he attired himself, buttoning his frock-coat carefully over his chest, and went down-stairs. As he reached the next landing, a gentleman emerged from the room immediately beneath his own, like himself, fully dressed, and carrying his hat and greatcoat. He was a small

stout man, with bushy red whiskers, a good-natured face, and little twinkling black eyes. With a civil bow, he made way for Richard to pass him, and then followed him down-stairs into the coffee-room. It was a huge apartment, and quite empty except for their two selves. Most persons meeting in such a Sahara would have exchanged a salutation; and Richard, gregarious by nature, besides being eager to divert his thoughts, at once entered into conversation.

'You are the gentleman who arrived by the mail this morning, I conclude,' said he, 'otherwise, you would scarcely keep such early hours.'

'Just so, sir,' answered the other, smiling. 'I thought it was not worth while to go to bed, but just gave myself a wash and brush up; and here I am sharp-set for breakfast.'

It was plain this man was not a gentleman, but Richard cared very little about that. He would have talked to the waiter in default of any other companion.

'Well, I have been to bed,' said Richard, smiling, 'though something I took at dinner disagreed with me, and kept me awake all night. Do you mean to say you are not going to take any horizontal refreshment at all?'

'Well, no; I had some sleep in the coach, and a very little of that article does for me. If you eat and drink enough, as I do, it is astonishing how well you can get on without rest.'

'Indeed,' said Richard. 'I should like to see the substitutes you take for what I have always found an indispensable necessity. Suppose we have breakfast together, and you shall order it.'

'But not pay for it,' stipulated the stout gentleman, in a tone that you might take as either jest or earnest. 'We'll go shares in that, eh?'

'Unless you will allow me to be your host, we will certainly go shares,' said Richard, wondering to himself whether in all Gethin so great a boor as this could be found above ground or beneath it, or making his business on the waters, but rather amused nevertheless.

'I don't like misunderstandings,' explained the little man, 'nor yet obligations. It's not that I grudge my money, or have not as much of it as I want, thank Heaven.'

'Then you've got more than anybody else I know,' said Richard, laughing; 'and I am acquainted with some rich men too.'

'I daresay, sir; you are a rich man yourself, I hope. You look like a young gentleman with plenty of money in your pocket.'

At any other time, Richard would not have been displeased by such an observation, which was, moreover, a perfectly just one. He looked from head to heel like a young man of fortune, and had been brought up as idly and uselessly as any such; but now he blushed and felt uncomfortable; and his fingers, in spite of himself, sought that breast-pocket which he had so carefully buttoned up, as though his companion's observation had had a literal and material meaning.

'Do you know Plymouth?' asked he of the stranger, by way of turning the conversation.

'Perfectly. Indeed, I live here; but I did not wish to arrive at home at such an unseasonable hour as the coach comes in. If, as a resident, I can be of any service to you, pray command me. But you don't eat, sir.'

Richard, indeed, was only playing with a piece



of toast, while eggs, and ham, and marmalade were disappearing with marvellous rapidity down the throat of his companion.

'I am not like you,' he answered. 'Want of sleep produces want of appetite with me. With respect to Plymouth, you are very good to offer me your hospitality, but—'

'Services, sir—services while in the town, I said,' observed the little man. 'Let us have no misunderstanding, nor yet obligation; that's my motto. Now, what can I do for you, short of that?'

'Well, I shall not greatly tax your prudence,' rejoined Richard, this time laughing heartily, 'though you must certainly be either a Scotchman or a lawyer, to be so anxious to act "without prejudice." The only information I have to ask of you is at what time the bank opens; for I have got some business to do there, which I want to effect as soon as possible, and then be off.'

'The bank! Well, there's more than one bank in Plymouth,' observed the little man, scraping up the last shreds of marmalade on his plate. 'They open at different hours.'

'The Miners' Company is the one I want to go to.'

'That opens at nine, sir. It's on my way home, and I shall be glad to shew it you.'

'Thank you; but it was pointed out to me last night,' said Richard stiffly; for he preferred to effect the business which he had on hand alone. 'It is still raining: what do you say to a cigar in the smoking-room?'

'With pleasure, when I have just written three words to tell my people of my arrival,' answered the stranger; 'however, I can do that as well there as here.'

And so eager did he seem for Richard's society, that he had pen and paper brought into the hotel divan, and from thence despatched his note.

'Take one of my cigars,' said Richard good-naturedly, offering his case.

'No, no,' replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking very grave; 'you know my motto, sir.'

'A cigar,' urged Richard, 'is one of those things that one can accept even from a stranger without that sense of obligation from which you shrink so sensitively. Seriously, my good sir, I shall feel offended if you refuse me this small favour.'

'Sooner than that shall be, sir, I'll take your cigar,' said the little man. He held it up to the light, and sniffed at it with great zest. 'This is no common brand, I reckon.'

'Well, it is better than you will get out of the waiter's box, I daresay,' answered Richard smiling; for his cigars, like everything else he had about him, were of the best.

'Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put this in my pocket, if you'll allow me, young gentleman, for a treat when I get home. After an early morning breakfast, I generally prefer a pipe; and he produced one accordingly from his pocket.

The room was melancholy to the last degree, being lit only from a skylight; relics of the last night's dissipation, in the shape of empty glasses and ends of cigars, were still upon the small round tables; while a two-days'-old newspaper was the only literature of which the apartment could boast.

'This place and hour would be dull enough, sir, without your society,' observed Richard genially. 'I don't think I was ever up so early in my life before, nor in such a den of a place.'

'It's reckoned a good inn, too, is the *George and Vulture*; but the life of a hotel, you see, don't begin till later on in the day.'

'That's a pity,' said Richard, laughing, 'as I shan't have the opportunity of seeing it at its best. I hope to be away by 9.30, or ten at latest.'

'Ah,' said the little man, 'indeed!' His words were meaningless enough, but there was really a genuine air of interest in his tone. He was a vulgar fellow, no doubt; but Richard rather liked him, mainly because it was evident that the other was captivated by him. He had laid himself out to please John Trevethick and his friend Solomon for the last six months, without success, yet here was a man who had evidently appreciated him at once. If he was but a bagman, or something of that sort, it was only the more creditable to his own powers of pleasing; and his vanity—and Richard was as vain of his social attractions as a girl—was flattered accordingly. In his solitude and wretchedness, too, the society of this stranger had been very welcome.

'I am sorry,' said Richard, when they had passed some hours together, and it was getting near nine o'clock, 'that I am obliged to leave Plymouth so soon. It would have given me great pleasure if you could have come and dined with me; though, indeed, I fear I have already detained you from your family. It was the act of a good Samaritan to keep me company so long, and I thank you heartily.'

'Don't mention it, sir—don't mention it,' said the little man quite huskily. 'I have only done my duty.'

This courteous sentiment made Richard laugh. 'Your duty to your neighbour, eh?' said he. 'Well, I must now wish you good-bye;' and he held out his hand with a frank smile. 'Perhaps we may meet again some day.'

'Perhaps so, sir,' said the other, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and accompanying him into the hall.

At the hotel door, Richard called a fly, as it was now raining heavily. 'Shall I take you as far as the bank,' said he, 'since your road home lies that way? or is even that little service contrary to your motto?'

'I have got to see to my luggage,' answered the other evasively.

'Well, good-bye, then.'

'Good-bye.'

The vehicle rattled down a street or two, then stopped before a building of some pretension, with a tall portico and a flight of stone steps before it. Another fly drove up at the same moment, but it did not attract Richard's attention, which was concentrated upon the business he had in hand, and made his heart beat very fast. He pushed his way through the huge swinging door, and found himself in a vast room, with a large circular counter, at which clerks were standing, each behind a little rail. He had never been inside a bank before, and he looked around him curiously. On the left was an opaque glass door, with 'Manager's Room' painted on it; on the right was an elevated desk, from which every part of the apartment could be commanded; the clerk who sat there looked down at him for an instant as he entered, but at once resumed his occupation. Everybody was busy with pen and ledger; men were thronging in and out like bees, giving or

receiving sheaves of bank-notes, or heaps of gold and silver. Richard waited until there was a vacant place at the counter, then stepped up with: 'I want to exchange some Bank of England notes, please, for your own notes.'

'Next desk,' said the man, not even looking up, but pointing with the feather of his quill pen, and then scratching away again as though he would have overtaken the lost time.

There was a singing in Richard's ear as he repeated his request, and fumbled in his breast-pocket for the notes; then a silence seemed to fall upon the place, which a moment before had been so alive and noisy. Every pen seemed to stop; the ring of the gold, the rustle of paper, ceased; only the tick of the great clock over the centre door was heard. 'Thief, thief! thief, thief!' were the words it said.

'How much is there?' inquired the clerk, taking the bundle of notes from Richard's hand; and his voice sounded as though it was uttered in an empty room.

'Two thousand pounds,' said Richard. 'Is there any difficulty about it? If so, I can take them elsewhere.'

But the clerk had got them already, and was beginning to put down the number of each in a great ledger. Richard had not calculated upon this course of procedure, and had his reasons for objecting to it.

'80,431, 80,432, 80,433,' read out the clerk aloud, and every soul in the room seemed listening to him.

'That will do,' said another voice close to Richard's ear, and a light touch was laid upon his arm. Scarlet to the very temples, he looked up, and there stood the little red-whiskered man from whom he had parted not ten minutes before. A very grave expression was now in those twinkling black eyes. 'I have a warrant for your apprehension, young man, upon a charge of theft,' said he.

'Of theft!' said Richard angrily. 'What nonsense is this?'

'Those notes are stolen,' said the little man. 'Your name is Richard Yorke, is it not?'

'What's that to you?' said Richard. 'I decline'—

Here the door of the manager's room was opened, and out strode Solomon Coe, with a look of cruel triumph on his harsh features. 'That's your man, right enough,' said he. 'He'd wheedle the devil, if once you let him talk. Be off with him!'

The next moment, Richard's wrists were seized, and he was hurried out between two men—his late acquaintance of the hotel, and a policeman—down the bank steps, and into a fly that stood there in waiting.

'To the County Jail!' cried Solomon, as he entered the vehicle after them. Then he turned to the red-whiskered man, and inquired fiercely, why he hadn't put the darbies on the scoundrel.

'Never you mind that,' was the sharp reply. 'I'm responsible for the young gentleman's safe keeping, and that's enough.'

'Young gentleman? I am sure the young gentleman ought to be much obliged to you,' replied Solomon contemptuously. 'Young felon, you mean.'

'Nobody's a felon until after trial and conviction,' observed the little man decisively. 'Let's have no misunderstanding and no obligation, Mr Coe, that's my motto.'

Here the wheels began to rumble, and a shadow fell over the vehicle and those it held: they were passing under the archway of the jail.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—LEAVING THE WORLD.

What wondrous and surpassing change may be in store for us when the soul and body have parted company, none can guess; but of all the changes of which man has experience in this world, there is probably none so great and overwhelming as that which he undergoes when for the first time he passes the material barrier that separates guilt from innocence, and finds himself in the clutches of the criminal law. To be no longer a free man, is a position which only one who has lost his freedom is able to realise; the shock, of course, is greater or less according to his antecedents. The habitual breaker of the law is aware that sooner or later to the 'stone jug' he must come; his friends have been there, and laughed and joked about it, as Eton boys who have been 'swished' make merry with the block and rod, and affect to despise them; the situation is, in idea at least, familiar to him; yet even he, perhaps, feels a sinking of the heart when the door of the prison-cell clangs upon him for the first time, and shuts him from the world. The common liberty to go where we will is estimated, while we have it, at nothing; but once denied, it becomes the most precious boon in life. How infinitely more poignant, then, must be the feelings of one thus unhappily circumstanced, to whom the idea of such a catastrophe has never occurred; who has always looked upon the law from the vantage-ground of a good social position, and acquiesced in its working with complacency, as in something which could have no personal relation to himself.

Thus it was with Richard Yorke, when, for the first time, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of Mr Dudge, the detective, and his blue-coated assistant. For the time, he felt utterly unmanned, and might have even fainted, or burst into tears, but for the consciousness that Solomon Coe was sitting opposite to him. The presence of that gentleman acted as a cordial upon him; the idea that he owed his miserable position to that despised boor, wounded him to the quick, but at the same time gave him an outward show of calmness: he could not have broken down before that man, though he had been standing beneath the gallows-tree. Despondency would have utterly possessed him, but for hate and rage—hate of his rival, and all who might be concerned in this catastrophe, and rage at the arrest itself. For, though he had not the consciousness of innocence to support him, he had no sense of guilt. He had had no intention of absolutely stealing Trevethick's money; and yet he foresaw how difficult it would be to clear himself of that grave charge. He also looked back, and perceived for the first time the magnitude of the folly which he had committed. He felt no shame for it as a crime—he had not principle enough for that; but he recognised the extent of the imprudence, and its mad audacity; yet he was mad and audacious still. He had been brought up as much his own master as any youth in England, no matter how rich or nobly born; he had never known control, nor even (except during those few days at Crompton) what it was to control himself; and he could not realise the fact, that he might

actually come to share the fate of common thieves; to wear a prison garb; to be shut up within stone walls for months, or even years: no longer a man, but a convict, known only by his number from other jail-birds. He did not think it could even come to his standing in the felon's dock, subject to the curious gaze of a hundred eyes, the indifferent regard of the stern judge, the— In the midst of these bitter thoughts, which were indeed disputations with his fears, the fly had stopped at the jail gate, and Mr Dudge, with a cheerful air, observed: 'We must get out here, if you please, Mr Yorke.'

Richard hesitated; he was mistrustful of his very limbs, so severely had the sight of those stone walls shaken him.

'Your young friend does not seem much to like the idea of lodging here,' said Solomon with a brutal laugh.

'That is fortunate,' answered the detective drily, 'since he will not have to do so. In my profession, Mr Coe, we hold it a mean trick to kick a man when he is down.—This way, sir, if you please.' For, at the sound of Solomon's voice, Richard was up and out in a moment. 'It is merely a form that you have to go through, before we go before the beak.'

'A form?' asked Richard hoarsely; 'what form?'

'We shall have to search you, sir; that's all.'

'That's all,' echoed Solomon with a grin.

Richard's face changed from white to red, from red to white, by turns.

'Mr Coe will stay where he is,' said Dudge peremptorily, as he led the way into a little room that opened from the gatekeeper's parlour.

'I thank you for that, Mr Dudge,' said Richard gratefully.

'Not at all, sir. If you have anything of a compromising nature about you—revolvers or such-like—that's my business and the beak's, not his.—Officer, do your duty.'

Richard was searched accordingly. He had no revolver; but what astonished himself more than it did the searcher was that a cigar was found loose in his breast-pocket.

'Why, this must be the one that I gave to you this morning, Mr Dudge.'

'Just so, sir. I put it back again as we came along. You know my motto. When you come to be your own master again—which I hope I'll be soon—then I'll smoke it with you with pleasure; they'll keep it for you very careful, you may depend upon it, and baccar is a thing as don't spoil.—That's a pretty bit of jewellery now—that is,' Mr Dudge's remark referred to a gold locket, with the word 'Harry' outside it, written in diamonds; and within, a portrait of her, which he had executed himself. 'That's a token of some favourite brother, I daresay.'

'Yes,' said Richard. 'Might I keep that, if you please; or, at all events, might I ask that it should not be shewn to the man in yonder room? It's my own, Mr Dudge,' added he earnestly, 'upon my word and honour.'

'No doubt, sir; no doubt. There's no charge against you except as to these notes. I must put it down on the list, because that's the law; but you can keep it, and welcome, so far as I am concerned; though I am afraid the Cross Key folks will not be so easy with you.'

'The Cross Key folks?'

'Well, Mr Yorke, it's no use to hide from you that you will be sent to Cross Key; that's the nearest jail to Gethin, I believe. I am afraid the beak will be for committing you: the sum is so large, and the case so clear, that I doubt whether he'll entertain the question of bail. You have no friends in Plymouth, either, you told me.'

'None,' said Richard sadly; 'unless,' he added in a whisper, 'I can count you as one.'

'Officer, just fetch a glass of water,' said Dudge; 'the prisoner says he feels faint.—Look here, young gentleman,' continued he earnestly, as soon as they were alone: 'this is no use; I can do nothing for you whatever, except wish you luck, which I do most heartily. I am as helpless as a baby in this matter. I can only give you one piece of good advice: when the beak asks if you've anything to say, unless you have something that will clear you, and can be proved—you know best about that—say, "I reserve my defence;" then as soon as you're committed, ask to see your solicitor; send for Weasel of Plymouth: your friends have money, I conclude. Hush!—Here's the water, young man; just sip a little, and you'll soon come round.'

Not another word, either then or afterwards, did Mr Dudge exchange with his prisoner. Perhaps he began to think he had acted contrary to the motto which was his guide in life in the good-will he had already shewn him. Perhaps he resented the favourable impression that the attractions and geniality of his acquaintance at the hotel had made upon him, as unprofessional. At all events, during their drive from the jail to the office where the magistrate was sitting—it was not open at the hour when Richard had been arrested, or he would have been searched there—Mr Dudge seemed to have lost all sympathy for his 'young gentleman,' chatting with the officer quite carelessly upon matters connected with their common calling, and even offering Mr Coe a pinch from his snuff-box, without extending that courtesy to Yorke. Nay, when they were just at their journey's end, he had the want of feeling to look his prisoner straight in the face and whistle an enlivening air. The melody was not so popular as it has since become, or perhaps Mr Dudge had doubts of his ability to render it with accuracy; but as if to inform all whom it might concern what it was that he was executing, he hummed aloud the fag-end of the tune, keeping time with his fist upon his knee, 'Pop goes the weasel, pop goes the weasel.'

Richard understood, and thanked him with his eyes. He had no need, however, to be reminded of the good-natured detective's word of advice. The ignominy which he had just undergone had had the effect of revealing to him the imminence as well as the full extent of the peril in which he stood. Henceforward, he could think of nothing—not even revenge—save the means of extricating himself from the toils which every moment seemed to multiply about him. The time for action was indeed but short, if he was ever (for it already seemed 'ever') to be free again; the means must be taken to deliver him at once. The assizes would be held at Cross Key—he had heard the Gethin gossips talk of them, little thinking that they would have any interest for him—in three weeks. Until then, at all events, he must be a prisoner; beyond that time he would not, dared not, look.

Within half an hour, Richard Yorke stood committed to Cross Key Jail.

He followed his friend's counsel in all respects. But the messenger despatched for Mr Weasel returned with the news that that gentleman was out of town; he was very busy at that season—there were other folks in difficulties besides our hero, urgent for his consolation and advice as to their course of conduct before my Lord the Judge. Mr Dudge, however, assured Richard, upon taking leave, that he would despatch the attorney after him that very night.

The road to Cross Key was, for many miles, the same which he had lately travelled, in the reverse direction; yet how different it looked! He had been in far from good spirits on that occasion, but how infinitely more miserable was he now. The hills, the rocks, the streams were far more beautiful than he had ever thought them, but they mocked him with their beauty. He longed to get out of the vehicle, and feel the springy turf, the yielding heather beneath his feet; to lave his hands in the sparkling brook, to lie on the moss-grown rock, and bask in the blessed sun. Perhaps he should never see them any more—these simple everyday beauties, of which he had scarcely taken any account when they were freely offered for his enjoyment. He looked back on even the day before, wherein he had certainly been wretched enough, with yearning regret. He had at least been a free man, and when should he be free again? Ah, when! He was, as it were, in a prison on wheels, guarded by two jailers. Escape would have been hopeless, even had it been judicious to make the attempt. His only consolation was, that Solomon Coe was no longer with him, to jeer at his dejected looks. He had started for Gethin with the news, doubtless as welcome to Treveithick as to himself, of the prisoner's committal. What would Harry say when she came to hear of it? What would she not suffer? Richard cast himself back in his seat, and groaned aloud. The man at his side exchanged a glance with his companion. 'He is guilty, this young fellow;' 'Without doubt, he's booked.' They had their little code of signals for such occasions.

The day drew on, and the soft sweet air of evening began to rise. They had stopped here and there for refreshment, but Richard had taken nothing; he had, however, always accompanied his custodians within doors at the various halting-places. He was afraid of the crowd that might gather about the vehicle to look at the man that was being taken to prison. There was nothing to mark him as such, but it seemed to him that nobody could fail to know it. He welcomed the approach of night. They still travelled on for hours, since there was no House of Detention at which he could be placed in safety on the road; at last the wheels rumbled over the uneven stones of a little country town; they stopped before a building similar, so far as he could see by the moonlight, to that to which he had been taken at Plymouth: all jails are alike, especially to the eyes of the prisoner. A great bell was rung; there was a parley with the keeper of the gate. The whole scene resembled something which Richard remembered to have read in a book; he knew not what, nor where. A door in the wall was opened; they led him up some stone steps; the door closed behind him with a clang; and its locks seemed to bite into the stone.

'This way, prisoner,' said a gruff voice.

Door after door, passage after passage; a labyrinth

of stone and iron. At last he was ushered into a small chamber, unlike anything he had ever seen in his life. His sleeping-room at the keeper's lodge at Crompton was palatial compared with it. The walls were stone; the floor of a shining brown, so that it looked wet, though it was not so. His jailer chamberlain pointed to a low-lying hammock, stretched upon two straps between the walls. 'There, tumble in,' he said; 'you will have your bath in the morning. Look alive!'

Richard obeyed him at once. 'Good-night, warder,' said he.

'Night!' grumbled the other; 'it's mornin'. A pretty time to be knockin' up people at a respectable establishment.—If you want anythin'—broiled bones, or deviled kidneys—for the man was a wag in his quaint way—'ring this 'ere bell. As for the other rules and regulations of Her Majesty's jail, you'll learn them at breakfast-time.'

The door slammed behind him—and how the doors *did* slam in that place! Richard was left alone. If, instead of the metal ewer of water that stood by his bed-head, there had been a glass of deadliest poison, he would have seized it greedily, and emptied it to the dregs.

#### THE ARTISAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN no land does the working-man—using the term in its limited sense—hold his head so high as in the territory of Uncle Sam. That mythical gentleman provides a good education gratis for all his children, gives them every privilege they can desire, and earnestly proclaims 'that one man is as good as another, and a deal better too.' In the United States, no calling bars its follower from social or political promotion; and, theoretically, every workman may be said to carry a four years' lease of the White House in his tool-basket. We say theoretically, because it has hitherto happened that the lawyers and the soldiers have contrived to all but monopolise the great honour constitutionally open to all Americans. This, however, is the fault of the working-classes themselves, for the utter abandonment of the field of politics by the higher classes of the country has left the control of affairs in the hands of the working-people, and the professed politicians who constitute themselves their guides, and who

To the people are ollers ez slick ez molasses,  
An' butter their bread on both sides with the masses.

With such advantages, educational, political, and social, as he enjoys, the American artisan should be a very superior workman. He was so a generation or two back, but now, we are told, the excellent work that was formerly performed by smart educated Americans, who brought intelligence to bear upon all they undertook, is met with no more. Lowell describes the native American as a strange hybrid—full of expedients; half-master of all trades; inventive in all but the beautiful; full of shifts; not yet capable of comfort; armed at all points against the old enemy, Hunger; good at patching; not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*; not skilled to build against time, but against sore-pressing need; who can make a living out of anything; invent new trades as well as new tools; and whose brain is his capital. That is just where it is; the Yankee's capital is his



brain, and as long as he can put that to use, he does not care to work with his hands. To be a clerk in an office, an assistant in a store, a 'boss' over workmen, comes more congenial to the American; he begrudges the time necessary to learn a trade thoroughly; to say nothing of his dislike to owning mastership in any way, a dislike precluding apprenticeship; and then his nature is a restless one, impelling him to be everything by turns, and nothing long; while, rather 'than engage in work which he may deem derogatory to his moral culture, he will follow the setting sun, and settle on the public lands which the national government offers, at almost nominal prices, to any man who will cultivate them.'

So it has come about, that while in European countries we find the skilled labour-market monopolised by natives, in the States it is exactly the reverse. There the manual occupations are carried on chiefly by the alien element; and, spite of the continual influx of immigrants, the demand for skilled workmen still keeps pretty well ahead of the supply. Most of the hands at present in American cotton, woollen, and worsted mills, and in the foundries and rolling-mills, are of recent foreign extraction; of the thirty thousand miners engaged in the coal districts of Pennsylvania, few are to be found save English, Welsh, or Irishmen. In the clothing trades, Germans largely predominate; while Frenchmen (what few there are, for our neighbours do not take kindly to the States) have possession of the hairdressers' and barbers' shops. The construction of canals and railroads falls to the Irish labourers, who reap an advantage out of the prejudice entertained against them. Were it possible, most contractors would refuse to employ them; but as the labourers of no other nationality can be induced to work with them, the contractors have no choice in the matter, the supply of non-Irish labour being far below their requirements; so Pat is master of the situation. The anti-Irish feeling extends through all trades, and most of the orders for labour received in New York, whether from other parts of the state or from distant states, contain a provision that workmen of any other nationality will be preferred.

In the Southern States, gradually recovering from the effects of their long and bitter struggle for independence, there is a great demand for white labour, so great that it is even predicted that the time is not far distant when the great mass of the industrial population of the South will be white instead of black. Our consul at Savannah reports that wages are good, and work plentiful throughout Georgia; and that joiners, plumbers, smiths, plasterers, carpenters, and, indeed, almost all kinds of skilled labourers, are sorely wanted. Louisiana offers constant employment to shoemakers, machinists, carpenters, bricklayers, coopers, plasterers, tinsmiths, and plumbers; and steady reliable workmen of every description may count with certainty upon full work, remunerative wages, and good quarters in Virginia. In Texas, too, the labour-market is very insufficiently supplied; but the unhealthiness of its climate places it at a disadvantage with its sister states, a disadvantage that must tell seriously against it, while they are equally capable of absorbing any superabundant labour finding its way down South.

Wages rule high throughout the States. Mr Edward Young has made a careful comparison

between the American and English rates in some of the more important manufactures and trades—a comparison resulting in the following estimate of the percentage of excess of earnings in favour of the American operative: woollen-mills, 24; cotton-mills, 28; hardware-works, 40; glass-works, 40; iron ship-building, 47; leather manufactures, 48; iron rolling-mills, 48; edge-tool factories, 50; saw manufactures, 52; fire-arm manufactures, 56; iron foundries, 57; worsted-mills, 58; wooden shipbuilding, 62; steel-works, 62; gas-works, 62; sugar-refineries, 65; silk-hat manufactures, 80; and paper-mills, 93 per cent. In the state of New York, the weekly earnings of the various artisans are as follows (for convenience' sake, we reckon in English shillings, omitting fractional parts): bricklayers, carpenters, stone-cutters, and masons, 77—85; plasterers, 85—102; plumbers, 51—68; cabinet-makers, 51—57; jewellers, 71; paper-hangers, 42—51; pianoforte-makers, 57—61; watchmakers, 85; hatters, 61—85; shoemakers and tailors, 51; and compositors, 57—68. How woman's work is remunerated where her voice is the shrillest and her clamours the loudest, is soon told. Female compositors make from 28s. to 34s. a week; tailors, 25—34; mantle-makers, 17—25; hat-trimmers, 20—34; necktie-trimmers, 22—42; paper-collar makers, 14—20; dressmakers, 25—45; machine-sewers, 22—40; hoop-skirt hands, 17—34; bonnet-frame makers, 14—34; flower and feather hands, 14—57; fan-makers, 14—25; shirt-makers, 14—25; lace-collar makers, 17—51; fur-sewers, 25—34; pocket-book makers, 28—40; ironers, 17—51; and hairdressers, 34—85.

The general average earnings of a skilled artisan in America is set down at from nine to fifteen shillings a day. This is the silver side of the shield, seeing which only, the Englishman might be disposed to envy his Yankee cousin's lot more than the case really justifies. Great as the gratification of a new arrival may be when he hears the current rate of wages, his astonishment will be upon a par with it, when he finds how much he has to pay for everything he wants—thanks to the Secession War, and the persistent clinging of the Americans to protective tariffs. Compared with the rate of prices in 1860—61, provisions and groceries have gone up 86 per cent.; clothing and domestic necessities, 86½ per cent.; fuel, 57 per cent.; and house-rent, 65 per cent.—making an average increase of cost in all things requisite to feed, clothe, and shelter a family of no less than 78 per cent.; while the average advance in wages has not exceeded 60 per cent., although machinists, iron-workers, and pianoforte-makers have been fortunate enough to secure an advance in pay exceeding the increase in their expenses. At the beginning of the present year, the principal articles of daily consumption in the family of a working-man were to be bought retail in Massachusetts at the following rates: meat, 7½d. per pound; flour, 1½d. per pound; potatoes, 2s. 6d. per bushel; fish, 3d. per pound; lard, 1s. 6d. per pound; butter, 1s. 6d.; sugar, 6½d.; bacon, 6d.; cheese, 10d.; rice, 6½d.; tea, 4s.; coffee, 1s. 9d.; soap, 6½d.; eggs, 1s. 6d. per dozen; vinegar, 1s. 8d. per gallon; salt, 1s. per peck; milk, 2½d. per quart; kerosene oil, 1s. 3d. per gallon; and coal, 14d. per 100 pounds, or about 34s. per English ton. Taking one thing with another, this does not appear to be much above our home standard; but it must

be remembered that clothing and all manufactured articles are at comparatively exorbitant prices.

Those artisans who, from choice or necessity, live in the cities and large towns, know little of the comfort of domestic privacy, being for the most part domiciled in 'tenement-houses,' which are legally described as houses rented, leased, let, or hired out for occupation by more than three families, living independently of one another, and doing their cooking upon the premises; or by more than two families upon a floor so living and cooking, but having a common right in the halls, staircases, yards, &c. They are all of one pattern, being buildings of from three to six stories, with a gloomy stairway in the centre, upon which all the rooms open; and a small paved court, a few feet square, at the rear. The law provides that each tenement-house shall have an external fire-escape, consisting either of iron ladders parallel with the side, and extending the whole height of the building, or of attached ladders, that can be let down from outer balconies. Each house accommodates from seven to twelve families, occupying severally from one to four rooms, but two is the general rule; for the latter number the better-class workman pays from 18s. to 39s. a month; while the worse paid content themselves with one room, at a rent of from 9s. to 18s. per month. Of all tenement-houses, those of New York are the worst, and bad as they are, they are terribly overcrowded. There are no less than 18,582 such buildings in that city, averaging 21½ persons to each house; and in one particular square, within an area of 143,312 feet, no less than 196 families, numbering 889 individuals, are packed together 'almost as closely as they make graves in well-regulated cemeteries.' In such places, one half the population of the Empire City make what they call their homes. No wonder it is recorded that in nine months, 11,571 persons were carried to the grave from the tenement-houses, while in the same period, the mortality in 31,262 private houses, hotels, and boarding-houses was only 4803.

Single men and women generally live in boarding-houses, the former paying from 12s. to 18s., and the latter from 9s. to 14s. a week. Some of the large manufacturing towns can shew long streets of neat brick houses, built especially for working-folks. In Lowell, such a house fetches L18 a year. The mill-hands there, numbering nearly 14,000, of whom 9000 are girls and women, live in four-storied houses near the mills, each house accommodating about 50 boarders—the women paying 6s. 9d., the men 10s. 6d., per week, which covers fuel and house-washing. In the rural districts, the working-men are best lodged, usually inhabiting small four or five roomed wooden houses, each having attached to it a plot of land measuring 25 by 100 feet. These domiciles are generally held under an agreement by which they become the property of the occupier in the course of a few years. An immense number of such dwellings have sprung up around the cities and larger towns, the railway or steam-boat taking the artisan to and from his work. In California, the neat wooden cottages occupied by mechanics are somewhat highly rented, ranging from L30 to L48 per annum; but many of them, thanks to the assistance of associations resembling our building societies, are the property of those who inhabit them; and if house-rent is high in California,

wages are proportionately so, for in no state in the Union can the skilled, or, for the matter of that, the unskilled, workman earn so much money—the supply of labour being far below the requirements of the country; for boys of 12 and 16 years of age can earn from 48s. to L5 a month, while domestic servants, who would be content with L8 or L10 a year in England, have no difficulty in obtaining from L4 to L8 a month. A first-rate stone-cutter, mason, or engineer can earn L1 a day, a brick-layer or plumber even more, and similar high rates of payment prevail in every branch of manual labour; so we are not surprised to learn that the industrial classes in the Pacific states and territories are independent, well fed, and self-reliant. What change may be wrought in time by the ever-increasing competition of the Chinese, remains to be seen.

In cities, artisans are usually engaged by the day, and paid by the week, engagements being determinable without notice on either side. The usual hours of labour in the United States are ten a day, except in government workshops, in which, by special act of Congress, eight hours has been constituted a legal day's work without a corresponding reduction in pay, a piece of legislation for which the tax-payers have to suffer. Of course it was intended that other employers should follow suit, but they could not appreciate the benefit of the change, and many solved the difficulty by substituting payment by the hour, at the rate of one-tenth of the ordinary wage. Some of the trades-unions imposed the rule upon their members; but as the latter did not relish the proportionate reduction in their earnings, and the employers were firm in refusing to give ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, the attempts at shortening the hours of labour collapsed one after another. In the cotton and woollen factories of Massachusetts, in which seventy-five per cent. of the operatives are females, and one quarter of these under eighteen years of age, eleven hours constitute the day's work, the usual time-table being: breakfast at 6 A.M., begin work at 6.30; dinner at 12, resume work at 12.45; stop work at 6.30 P.M., and on Saturday at 5 P.M. A high authority declares the system of labour in vogue in New England debases the native stock, and drives the people to the west and south. It is a pity some of the energy expended on behalf of 'woman's rights' is not devoted to removing some of her wrongs; surely, if ten hours' work a day be too much for the male workers, the weaker sex might be let off with less than eleven.

Trades-unions, having in America to contend against a constant influx of immigrants bent upon earning a livelihood, and ready to accept a fair recompense for their labour, and working, moreover, upon a mass composed of a mixture of nationalities, are neither so powerful nor so thoroughly organised in the United States as in England; still they have of late years progressed sufficiently to be reckoned 'a very serious impediment to industrial undertakings.' The shoemakers' society rejoicing in the designation of the 'Knights of St Crispin' is the strongest union in the States, the number of its 'knights,' in less than three years, having increased from 7000 to 50,000. The other chief unions are the Miners', numbering 30,000 members; the Iron-moulders', 17,000; the Brick-layers', 15,000; the Typographical Union, 14,000; and the Machinists and Blacksmiths, numbering

10,000. Then come the Carpenters, with 6000; the Cigar-makers, with 5000; the Coopers, with 5000; the Locomotive Firemen, with 3000; the Cigar-packers and the Plasterers, each with 2500; and the Masons and Tailors, each with 2000. The Iron-founders can only muster 1600; the Painters, 1500; the Metal-workers, 850; and the Engineers, but 621. Besides these, almost all the skilled trades of the state of New York have formed similar associations. One of the principal objects of the American unions is the proscribing the employment of the negro and the Chinaman.

Given the existence of trades-unions in a country, and strikes are a matter of course; and strikes in America are frequent, obstinate, and of long duration. New York state is particularly prolific this way. Within the last two years, there have been strikes in that state among stonemasons, painters, cabinet-makers, hack-drivers, street-car drivers, iron-moulders, weavers, cap-makers, smiths, brakemen, carpenters, masons, derrickmen, printers, tailors, stablemen, telegraphic operators, cigar-makers, barbers, pianoforte-makers, carpet-weavers, boot-crimpers, cordwainers, coopers, slate-roofers, quarrymen, carvers, bakers, puddlers and iron-workers, laundresses, collar-girls, and waiters. A tolerably long list. Some of these strikes were successful, some unsuccessful, and some ended in a compromise. The majority were organised either to resist a reduction, or force an advance of wages. The cabinet-makers struck against piece-work; the New York plate-printers employed by the National Bank Note Company struck because they were required to print the new national currency from larger plates than usual, for which they demanded an increase of pay amounting to three pounds a week. The calkers and ship-carpenters of Oswego did no work for four months, in hopes of enforcing the eight hours' rule; and the German bricklayers of New York held out fourteen weeks for the same purpose—failure resulting in both cases. The waiters of the principal New York hotels, after serving the first course at dinner one day, marched out of the different hotels in a body, requiring L.4, 15s. a week with board, instead of the L.4, 10s. they were receiving; but the hotel-keepers had no difficulty in supplying their places.

When a strike of New York tailors came to an end, the Executive Committee of the Tailors' Union, in notifying the fact, said: 'Let our aim be to throw overboard the system of strikes, and commence to fight with the strongest weapon, co-operation!' Co-operative associations of artisans are growing in favour every day, and some of them have achieved great success, notably the co-operative foundries in Massachusetts and New York, the Journeymen Printers' Co-operative Association, and the Tailors' Co-operative Union. Some of course have failed, generally those with a great number of members; experience demonstrating that harmony and success are more likely to result with a limited number of partners. Many co-operative land and building societies are in successful operation; but co-operative stores for the supply of articles of daily necessity have not proved equally fortunate, except in Massachusetts. In New York they have often been tried, but almost invariably failed from the dishonesty of the managers. As Mr Ford well says: 'Three essential requisites are needed to the success of co-operative enterprises—business ability, patience,

and mutual confidence: however much the Americans excel in the first of these qualities, it can hardly be denied that they are, as a rule, somewhat deficient of the other two.' Trying to see into the future, the same gentleman observes: 'The manufacturing and most important industries in the United States are being gradually concentrated into the hands of large capitalists and powerful corporations, and it is likely, unless wiser counsels prevail, that the struggle between capital and labour, in its associated capacity, will be a long and disastrous one.' Let us hope better things.

## AN ENGAGED MAN.

### IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER X.

PETTIGREW had lost his temper rather; he had been put out of conceit with himself; he had been completely distanced by Mr Bokes of Thavies Inn. By the side of that famous Old Bailey lawyer, he felt that his own magisterial pretensions, founded on his St Mungo experiences, were of little practical worth. There had indeed been a sort of contempt of his court.

He had not committed himself by his speech—so far, he could congratulate himself. His attitude had been becomingly judicial. He had even done something in the way of 'throwing cold water,' as he expressed it, upon Boger and his case. Yet mentally he had determined upon righting Boger, upon seeing him through his difficulties, helping him out of them, exposing the conspiracy, and punishing the guilty. Discreetly or not—it was useless now to inquire—he had availed himself of the opportunity for action, for exerting his long dormant faculties for advising and judging and benefiting his fellows, afforded by Boger's troubles. He could not draw back now; he was by nature too stanch and persistent. He felt constrained to go on with the business, not merely out of friendship for Boger, whom in truth he rather despised, and believed to have deservedly reaped as he had sown, but rather because he could not endure that an enterprise in which he had once embarked and concerned himself should result unprosperously. His doggedness had a selfish origin, no doubt, yet there was a creditable manliness about it. And it may be that he underrated his regard for Boger. Despising him, he yet liked him. He was accustomed to Boger; he had known him for very many years; he should miss him sadly, 'if anything were to happen to Boger,' as he phrased it; they had grown old together. With all his foibles and frailties, Boger had many estimable qualities. He was eminently companionable, and—the junior members of the Acropolis notwithstanding—'clubbable.' An inferior creature, as compared with Pettigrew himself, doubtless, yet have not, time out of mind, inferior creatures been fondly cherished by very superior beings? Pettigrew felt that he must stand by Boger 'on his own merits.' Within every bosom, it would seem, there is a kind of deposit of sentiment, more or less; it may not be supplied in every case with a Jack-in-box spring, enabling it to dart into notice on the lightest touch; it may indeed rise to the surface after long delay, with the slowness and sluggishness of a drowned body; still it's *there*, as a general rule, and will demonstrate itself upon occasion. In the instance under mention, the occasion had certainly



arisen. Situated as he was, now or never was the time for Boger's friends to exercise their friendly sentiments on his account. Pettigrew decided that he would assuredly do what he could for Boger.

Pettigrew mused long and painfully over the case. He much wished to serve Boger—to justify himself. Bokes had been shrewd, no doubt, particularly shrewd, Pettigrew conceded, but could not he, Pettigrew, be shrewd too? If he could only throw some new light upon the thing—could make some discovery by means of which Boger would be righted, justice vindicated, and the evil-doers punished! If he could only do this without help from Bokes and Bokes! What a triumph for the ex-magistrate of St Mungo's! It was delightful in fancy; unfortunately, it seemed not warranted by fact. Again and again he went through the matter, rehearsed all he had said and done—all Boger had said and done—all that had happened at Bokes and Bokes's office. Morning, noon, and night, at home and abroad, up and in bed, it may almost be said that asleep or awake he was thus occupied; for Boger affected his very dreams, weighed upon his hours of repose like a very nightmare. But nothing seemed to result from all his unceasing toil. Still he toiled on, though he admitted to himself that his task seemed to grow more and more hopeless, that he was now merely guessing hap-hazard, groping in the dark, and striking out, as it were, quite at random, very wildly indeed. Still he would not throw away a chance; he would try again and again.

'A conspiracy, of course,' he was for ever saying to himself, as though impressing upon his mind certain fixed principles that of necessity governed the case. 'Mrs Kettlewell in it, helped by others; perhaps by one other only. She would not be likely to let more than she could help into the secret. One would be enough; and that one without a doubt the man I saw in Boger's room—and afterwards in Piccadilly wearing Boger's coat. I wish I'd looked at him more particularly, that I'd a more distinct notion of his features. If I'd only known the importance of observing him closely! but of course I could not know that then. Still I think I should recognise him, if I could but set eyes on him again.'

He could not, however. He devoted days to prowling about the streets, glaring into the faces of the passers-by, with the wild hope of detecting Mrs Kettlewell's assistant in the fraud; now and then, he would even give chase to some harmless stranger, and dog his footsteps for hours together, from some fancied resemblance borne by him to the man suspected of personating Boger before the registrar of marriages. It was in vain. Still he persisted; the while doubts began to prevail among his acquaintances in regard to his sanity, and the police conceived injurious opinions as to his character. He had been seen to hang on to the skirts of respectably dressed people with quite a pickpocket's acquisitive expression of face.

And he did more practical and sensible service. He hunted up the witnesses of the marriage, and submitted them to severe interrogation. The evidence they could give was not very conclusive. They had but done what they were requested to do. They had witnessed the marriage and signed their names in the book. But they were absolute strangers to 'the parties,' and their recollection was

vague in regard to the personal aspect of the couple. Still he elicited that the bridegroom was not a young man—nor a thin—nor a pale; and that he wore no hair upon his face—that he wasn't bald, nor gray. Did his hair curl? Well, it might; couldn't say for certain, rather thought, to the best of belief, that it did; but wouldn't undertake to swear to the fact—certainly not. That was about the effect of the evidence obtainable from the witnesses.

Was Boger deceiving him? Had Boger really married Mrs Kettlewell, all his protestations to the contrary notwithstanding? Pettigrew even put these questions to himself. But he readily found answers. Was not the fact of Boger's incapacity from illness at the time sufficiently proved by his, Pettigrew's, own diary? In addition, he obtained confirmatory evidence on that head from Simmons, Boger's medical attendant. Simmons was prepared to make oath that Boger could not possibly have stirred from his bed on the day assigned to the marriage in the certificate.

Moreover, he tested the signature in the registrar's book. It was not very much unlike Boger's; that was the utmost that could be said for it. That it was not, in truth, Boger's, Pettigrew felt convinced. Nor was he shaken in this opinion by the registrar's statement that 'parties' were apt to be much 'flustered' at his office, and that their signatures immediately after marriage could seldom be sworn to safely as in their usual handwriting, the occasion being so unusual. Pettigrew was satisfied that, allowing for all that, still the signature was not his friend's. There were peculiarities about Boger's *Bs* that would have asserted themselves under any circumstances.

He continued his efforts. 'That Jew-boy, now—Moss, his name was, I think. What a very odd boy he was. Why do Bokes and Bokes employ such a boy? And why, why did he address Boger as "Finnigan?" He did it more than once. He would call him "Finnigan." Can there be anything in that? Does that furnish one with any sort of clue?'

It was in the street, moving slowly along, with downcast gaze, he thus mused, feeling that he was the while musing idly and uselessly. Suddenly he found himself stopped by a hoarding, in front of a new building. He raised his eyes. Was he mad? Were his senses quitting him? Had he got Boger on the brain, so to say, softening and damaging that organ irreparably? Had he so possessed himself with this topic, that it affected everything he said and did, as insects take the colour of the food they subsist upon? In large letters before him stood the word 'Finnigan!' There was no mistake. He waited to collect himself—to master his emotions. Then he read a huge placard. It announced the attractions of the Unicorn Music Hall, situate somewhere in the east of London, and besought visitors to be in time, to come early, and witness the efforts of the Great Finnigan, Finnigan the Frolicsome, Finnigan the Frisky, Finnigan the Facetious, Finnigan the Funny, &c. The many titles of this 'Eminent Comique,' as he was called, were elaborately set forth.

'Is it mere accident? Can there be anything in it?' Pettigrew asked himself excitedly.

He was a man of action, constitutionally, though chance had forced upon him in his age a life of



pensioned indolence. He held his peace, but he made up his mind.

At nightfall, he was conveyed in a cab to Whitechapel. He had travelled a good deal in his time; yet, strange to say, or perhaps not strange, all things considered, he had never before visited Whitechapel. He alighted at the door of the Unicorn Music Hall, and secured a stall very near to the stage. He was nearly stifled by the clouds of bad tobacco-smoke that encompassed him; he was nearly poisoned by the sherry he ordered, with old-fashioned logic, 'for the good of the house,' and tried to drink. But what will not friendship and perseverance endure? He waited through an overture, through a glee, through a hornpipe, through a comic song, through a sentimental ballad, through a tight-rope performance. 'Will the evening never end!' he groaned. 'At what time does Mr Finnigan appear?' he demanded at last of a waiter.

'His "round" here ain't till ten, sir. Edger Road at seven, Hobin at eight, Islington at nine, here at ten, and Lambeth at eleven. A great 'it he is, sir, and no mistake. Took wonderful with us from the first. You oughtn't to go without 'earing him, sir.'

'I intend to hear him,' said Mr Pettigrew.

The hour came at last—and the man. A rustle of excited expectation, and 'the great Finnigan's' "round" at the Unicorn had commenced.

'Boger, by Heaven!' cried Pettigrew. 'And the man I saw in Boger's rooms, I'd take my oath! And he's got on Boger's surtout at this very moment!'

Finnigan began singing one of the most popular songs in his repertory. It was called: *I'm a Nobby Old Swell*, or something to that effect. A chorus followed each verse—and there were many verses—the audience assisting uproariously. Pettigrew glanced round him. His eyes rested upon a small figure in the gallery immediately above him. He recognised at once the Jew-boy, Moss, from the office of Messrs Bokes and Bokes. Moss, after the fatigues of his official duties, was spending his evening in a manner agreeable to himself, at the Unicorn Music Hall, witnessing, enjoying, and applauding the efforts of the Great Finnigan. No doubt he was a constant supporter and admirer of that performer. Pettigrew's triumph was complete. There could be no mistake. He could now understand why Moss had addressed Bertie Boger as 'Finnigan.' The thing was perfectly intelligible: he had found the clue he had so long looked for; he had vindicated himself as an ex-magistrate of St Mungo's.

Finnigan's resemblance to Boger—part due to nature, part to art—was certainly remarkable. He had 'dressed at' Boger; indeed, as Pettigrew detected, he had assumed Boger's very clothes, and he had 'made up' as Boger. He had reddened his fleshy, small-featured face, painting lines and wrinkles here and there, for he was, in truth, many years younger than his original; and he had imitated the luxuriant curls of Boger by means of a wig—for in this respect nature had been less kind to him than to Boger. Though liberal of her gifts, she perhaps cannot afford to be lavish, especially in regard to so precious a matter as a head of hair. Boger's curls were indeed for Boger, and for few beside. Still the portrait of Boger presented by Finnigan was something more than

recognisable. It was a cheap and spurious edition of Boger, adapted for an uncritical, uncultivated public; seasoned with caricature, and heightened by unnatural colouring. But still, that Boger was the fount and origin of Finnigan's delineation was not to be gainsaid. Boger had unconsciously sat for 'the nobby old swell' of Finnigan's comic song. If it is complimentary to a man to account him peculiarly the type of his class, then that compliment had certainly been paid to Boger. 'A kind of George-the-Fourth man'—so people described the presentment—and something was to be said for the description, Boger's arguments as to his youthfulness notwithstanding. But that some liberty had been taken with Boger, considered as a private individual, in this public, extravagant exhibition of his physical peculiarities, it would be vain to deny.

#### CHAPTER XL.

Pettigrew quitted the Unicorn Music Hall without waiting to hear the other ditties and performances comprised in Finnigan's 'round,' returned home, and forthwith addressed a note to Messrs Bokes and Bokes of Thavies Inn. For some time, he had not slept so well as he slept that night. He was content: his exertions were rewarded. It was clear that he had discovered the man who had personated Boger before the registrar of births, deaths, and marriages—who, in the name of Boger, had married Mrs Kettlewell. The conspiracy was laid bare; the law might at once pounce upon the conspirators. Boger's case, if not complete, was, without doubt, very much strengthened, and all owing to him, Pettigrew. Alone he had done this thing! He found peculiar comfort in that reflection; and he slept the sleep of the happy.

If Pettigrew had thus shewn himself equal to the occasion, it must be avowed that Boger had been found gravely unequal to it. True, he had not had the advantage of Pettigrew's judicial training at St Mungo's; but really, with some little effort, he might, one would think, have exhibited himself in a less unworthy, in a less ignoble light. But he had become quite incapable of effort of any kind, at no time, indeed, having been qualified for much distinction in that direction. He had simply gone to bed, and staid there. He was panic-stricken, utterly demoralised, in the sense in which a defeated and shattered army is said to be demoralised. He lay abed groaning—desperately frightened. He altogether declined to stir himself. It was as though the town were in a state of siege, shells were exploding in the streets, and his bed-chamber was bomb-proof. He refused to rise until he could be satisfied that all peril was past, while he illogically closed his mind to any chance of conviction on this head. He contented himself with the statement that he was too ill to get up. He was not well, certainly; but his illness was simply terror. Still, for the time being, he found that complaint quite as much as his constitution could support. Boger was not seen to advantage at this crisis in his affairs. Where would he have been but for Pettigrew? The abject thrall of Mrs Kettlewell, it can hardly be questioned.

Of course he had not been able to present himself at the Maids Vale villa. The opaque form of Mrs Kettlewell seemed ever to part him from his

Julia; to stand between the lovers, solidly obstructing and menacing both. In vain he stretched forth his hand: the cool soft fingers of Miss Lupus no longer deposited themselves tenderly upon his palm. He wrote to her, hurried incoherent notes: he was ill; he was forbidden to stir out; he was particularly, most pressingly engaged. He hardly knew what he wrote. He excused himself as best he could for his prolonged absence from the home of his affianced. In the misery of his confinement, self-enforced as it was, he even longed for the society of her father, George Lupus. He would willingly have been afflicted for hours together with the tedious conversation of that practitioner; would have listened again and again to the protracted narrative of his wrongs; to his objections to the negro race; and to his resuscitation of the events of the past. He would have consented to drink Jamaica rum by the tumblerful, and borne all the dyspeptic results of such a proceeding, if Lupus would but have visited him, and relieved the misery of his solitude. But Lupus came not. Pettigrew looked in upon him but seldom, and then was cynical, and censorious, and depressing in his talk. For the most part, Boger was left alone, in an upper chamber, very limited as to its accommodation, and much affected by that odour of the new boots in the shop, which pervaded so remarkably the whole of the house in Jasmin Street.

A cab stopped before the bootmaker's door. Mr Isaac Bokes demanded to see Mr Pettigrew.

'I got your note,' said Bokes. 'You're right enough about that matter; does you credit, I'm bound to say.' Pettigrew looked pleased. 'We'd already spotted the man, however.' This Pettigrew did not in the least believe. 'And now the question is, what do you intend to do? It's hardly for me to advise, you know: it doesn't do for a lawyer to interfere in these cases, unless prosecution is intended. Of course I oughtn't to be a party to anything like a compromise: it's for you and your friend to decide. Hadn't we better have him here?'

Boger was sent for. He declined to present himself. Pettigrew had to be very peremptory with him before he could be induced to face Mr Bokes. He appeared at last, however, wan, unshaven, dishevelled, looking very old, clad in a faded dressing-gown belonging to Pettigrew. The garment was tightly stretched—met with difficulty—Boger's proportions so much exceeded his lean friend's. His manner was very feeble, nervous, and irresolute.

'I know whom I'm dealing with,' Mr Bokes continued: 'the case is quite clear to me. West-end swells; private and delicate matter; first-rate thing for the newspapers—that's about it. Now, will you have an exposure? Do you want to have the whole business ripped up? It's for you to say. You know there'll be the deuce of an uproar and scandal: you'll never hear the last of it. I'm going against my own interest; I'm speaking unprofessionally, but as a man of the world, a friend, if I may say so, when I suggest hushing it up, stifling it quietly. The fact is, you'll get no good out of it if you go on; you'll only be finding amusement for other people, and the expense won't be a trifle. I've got the man down-stairs.'

'What! Finnigan?' asked Pettigrew.

'Yes; he's in the cab; Moss is on the box in charge of him. There's no real harm in the fellow; he's very penitent and humble; quite disposed to

make a clean breast of it, and all the amends in his power. We'd better have him up, perhaps.'

Bokes opened the window and whistled, by way of signal, to Moss. Presently, Finnigan entered the apartment. His expression was contrite, his bearing deferential. His resemblance to Boger had undergone abatement. He was a younger and a thinner man; and when he removed his hat, he revealed the fact that his hair was cut as close as could be to his head, for the convenience of the wig-wearing necessities of his profession, probably. But his aspect thus acquired a decidedly convict-prison character.

'Well, Finnigan,' said Mr Bokes, 'there's no disposition to deal hardly with you. But we shall be glad to hear anything you've got to say for yourself.'

'Thank you all, gentlemen,' said Finnigan humbly; the confidence and dash of manner he was wont to display at the Unicorn Music Hall had quite deserted him. 'I haven't much to say; I'm in the worst mess I ever was in; I know that very well; and I've been in a good many messes in my time. But I didn't mean any harm, at least not much; not nearly so much as you might be disposed to think. You see *she* got hold of me.' It was evident that 'she' referred to Mrs Kettlewell. They all understood that; and Boger whined. 'She was a relation of mine—through her husband, who's dead; so I've always heard. I need not tell you, sir—Finnigan here addressed himself particularly to Boger—that she's a woman with a way of her own, and a will of her own.' Boger's looks expressed imbecile acquiescence in this opinion; 'and that, after a sort, she's rather a fine woman than not.' Boger signified dissent from this view of Mrs Kettlewell. 'Well, that's as people may think, you know,' proceeded Mr Finnigan; 'and there's a many as thinks her a fine woman. She holds to it herself, and she's a knack of bringing you round to agree with her. *That*, you'll allow, perhaps,' Boger was dumb, motionless, with down-turned eyes. 'Anyhow, she brought *me* round, and came over me generally, as I may say. She gave out that the old gent on her first floor, meaning you, sir—he nodded to Boger—and no offence meant, was that bad he couldn't recover; that he hadn't chick nor child belonging to him; and that anything he left behind him might as well be hers as any one else's. She'd waited on him, and nursed him, and done for him generally, for so long, that she'd a better claim to his property than any other living creature. That was how she put it. Uncommon hot she was on that property, to be sure: I never saw anything like it. She made quite sure it was hers, just to do whatever she liked best with. She couldn't get him to sign a will, she said; he'd got the gout in his hand, so that he couldn't sign his name: so she went in for the pious fraud of the marriage before the registrar.'

'Don't call it a pious fraud,' suggested Mr Bokes; 'no jury would swallow that, you know.'

'Well, say the fraud simply,' said Finnigan; 'I'm agreeable.'

'Yes, that's better: the fraud simply.'

'I was that hard up at the time, gents, if you'll believe me, I'd have done any mortal thing almost for money. I lost my voice in the summer, and I'd been months out of an engagement. I'm in the comic vocalist line, as you know, I daresay,

and I hadn't earned sixpence at the business since I don't know when. She promised to make it worth my while—and I owed her money as it was—if I'd go in for the swindle. It was wrong, of course—I see that now; but it seemed pretty safe then—for the old gent—he nodded to Boger again—'was uncommon bad, to be sure—his recovery seemed quite out of the reckoning. So, part for the money, and part for the fun of the thing, for there was fun in it—I'm only a music hall singer, I know, but I've a sort of artist feeling, as I may say, for "making up," my face, for my wigs, and clothes, and the "character business" generally—for those reasons I joined in the conspiracy—that's what I must call it, I suppose.'

'Quite so,' commented Mr Bokes.

'I "went on," as I may say, for the old gent yonder, before the registrar. Bless you, the trick was done, and she'd got her certificate of marriage and all, in less than five minutes! It seemed to me I'd made quite a hit in the part, you know, the thing went off so smoothly and easily. I was quite pleased with my make-up. I had a song written on purpose, and I've introduced it in my rounds. It takes wonderfully at the music halls; indeed, it's been the making of me, I may say. I shall work it through London, and right through the provinces in the autumn. That's all I've got to say, gents, I think, except that I'm uncommon sorry; and I hope you'll deal as gently with me as you can find it in your hearts to do. I quite throw myself on your mercy. I know that's all I can do now. I plead guilty to the charge. I told Mr Bokes, straight off, that I'd no defence; that I'd make a clean breast of it; that I'd put my hand to any writing in the way of a confession, or anything of that kind, he might choose to draw up. I don't want to go to prison—no man does—I own that, particularly just as I'm making way with the town, and got my name on the walls; but all a man can do to square matters, I'll certainly do. I say that fairly, and I won't flinch from it—only, please don't be down harder upon me than you can help, gents. I've played a blackguard trick by you, I own; but you're swells—the real sort, I can see that at a glance—and if you can let me off with a laugh, or maybe a kick, why, don't balk yourselves, that's all. I won't ask for anything better, and I'll never forget your kindness as long as I live. I don't say anything about glasses round, or free tickets for all my performances, wherever I may be, because you ain't the sort to care about things of that kind, I daresay, or you'd be heartily welcome to them, I'm sure—only, don't be hard upon me.'

Pettigrew took upon himself to nod to Mr Bokes, for Boger was quite helpless—quite unable to act decisively in the matter.

'Just so,' whispered Bokes. 'The best way, of course—the only way, in fact; for, you know, we could never put your friend into the box. Only look at him—a worse witness for the prosecution I never set eyes on. He'd ruin any case, and we should get laughed out of court in less than no time.—Here you, Finnigan: you must come round to my office—we'll have a formal confession and apology drawn up for your signature.'

'Anything you please, sir.'

'And if you behave properly, I daresay you won't hear anything more of the case. As for your wife'—

'My wife?'

'Yes; she is your wife, you know.'

'The deuce she is!'

'You married her, at anyrate; there's no mistake about that.'

'That's the worst thing I've heard yet,' said Finnigan despondingly. 'I never meant to marry her.'

'This will teach you to go trifling with the marriage laws, my fine fellow. You've unconsciously saddled yourself with a wife—a nice one, too, according to all accounts. Are you sure her first husband's dead? If he isn't, there's a chance for you.'

'But he is, I should say. He must be by this time,' said Finnigan moodily. 'Why, he was a man that deserved hanging ten times over.'

'Then, very likely he's still alive,' Mr Bokes observed drily.

Finnigan did not seem to value this possibility very highly. 'He was such a beggar to drink, you see.'

'Well, if he's dead, that woman's your wife beyond all question. You didn't mean to do it, no doubt, but you've done it all the same, fast enough. I congratulate you.'

'I don't think she knows it, that's one thing,' Finnigan said, cheering up.

'Never fear; she'll find it out all in good time. Trust a wife for finding out her husband. She'll be down upon you one of these fine days, and then—I don't envy you, that's all I've got to say. But perhaps you can make her useful in the comic duet line.'

Finnigan shook his head. He evidently mistrusted Mrs Kettlewell's talent for comic duet singing. 'She's off, sir, that's one comfort. She took the alarm some days back. Canada—that's her game, I think. She collared all she could, shut up the house, and bolted. I only hope she'll settle in Canada,' Finnigan added fervently.

'I know all about her, my fine fellow,' Bokes said with a confident air. 'I've only to telegraph, and I can lay my hand upon her at any moment. I knew she was off.'

Pettigrew was never to be shaken in his conviction that Bokes was taken by surprise in this matter—that he did not know of Mrs Kettlewell's departure.

'There's one thing more I should like to mention,' said Finnigan presently.

'What's that?'

'Well, you see, it was part of the make-up, and has helped me wonderful in the business. She gave 'em to me, but I don't feel that they're rightly mine, considering all. I've a surcoat coat and other things the property of the old gent yonder'—

'Keep them,' said Boger, speaking for the first and only time in the discussion, 'and get out!'

With that the conference closed.

#### CHAPTER XII.

There came a postman's knock—a letter for Mr Boger. He glanced at the address, written in what we may call a bold feminine hand—large, clear, with, to employ a nautical term, a rakish rig about the letters. Boger tore open the envelope, hurriedly saddled his nose with his double glasses, and read:

DEAR MR BOGER—I hope you will forgive any

little deception you may think I have been guilty of. But I did it for the best, and you really must not be cross with me. I am sure you will, upon reflection, agree with me that we are not suited to each other, and that you may without difficulty find some one better qualified in every way than I can pretend to be to promote your happiness. I feel that I cannot be your wife; it would be unjust to you, to myself, and to others. Papa seemed to wish it, and I quite appreciated the compliment of your offer. At the moment, I found myself unable to do otherwise than accept it. Pray, believe, dear Mr Boger, that I shall always be grateful for your exceeding kindness in the matter. But the fact is, that I have been long sincerely attached—indeed, I must own, secretly engaged to my cousin, George Lupus, of whom you must have heard me speak. He is a lieutenant in the 15th Regiment of West India Fusiliers. Papa would never hear of George's proposals, for at that time he had nothing in the world but his pay, and no doubt my marriage with him would have been then the height of imprudence. He has of late, however, become possessed of a considerable fortune, bequeathed to him by a rich aunt. He is at home on leave, to look after his legacy. He arrived last week, and is now staying with us. Papa has not yet given his consent, but he only wants a little persuasion, for, of course, all reasonable objection to our union is now removed. I know that I shall be very happy as George's wife. You will like him, I'm sure, when you come to know him; and he is most anxious to make the acquaintance of one who is such a very, very old friend of papa's. I must again ask you to forgive any want of candour I may have shewn in accepting, temporarily, your kind and flattering proposal, and withholding from you the fact of my engagement with my cousin. But you *will* forgive me, I know, and will help me to persuade papa to consent to my marriage with George. I hope your cold is better, and that your engagements will soon leave you free to come and see us. Papa wants some one to talk to, for, of course, George is much occupied with me. Pray, take care of yourself, dear Mr Boger. As papa says, when people have got to a certain time of life, they cannot be too careful. For a cold, he says, there is nothing like a tumblerful of Jamaica rum and hot water, mixed strong, with sugar and a slice of lemon, to be taken the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning—and throughout the day, as often as the cold is troublesome. I do trust your house-keeper is still attentive to you. I was at one time inclined to be jealous of her, but of course that's over now. Good-bye. Pray, come and see us soon, and have a long talk with papa.—Always, dear Mr Boger, your affectionate friend,

JULIA LUPUS.

P.S. The many little presents you have so kindly made me from time to time I should like to keep, dear Mr Boger, if you will permit me, in memory of some happy days, and of a revered old friend. George, I'm sure, will not object. He bids me send you his best respects.—J. L.

His face white and blank, Boger held the letter in a trembling hand for a moment, then without saying a word, tossed it over to Pettigrew. Pettigrew read it through twice, with his old magisterial air of gravity and deliberation. He waited for a few minutes. There came a humorous

twinkle into his eyes; but he was stanch to his friend; he was true to the core; he did not laugh. 'Cool!' he said simply. Poor Boger! how much he had admired his Julia's coolness once. 'Cool—infernally cool!' Pettigrew said, rather infelicitously.

'Ice!' moaned Boger.

'I pity George,' Pettigrew continued, with a sardonic smile. But Boger looked as though he wanted all the pity his friend could spare.

'Depend upon it, you've had an escape, Boger; there's nothing to regret. You've had an escape—in fact, you've had more than one escape.'

'I loved her, Pettigrew.' Poor Boger's eyes filled with tears.

'Better luck next time. There's more women in the world.'

'There's no next time, and there's only one woman—at—at our age, Pettigrew.'

'At our age, Boger,' said Pettigrew with a philosophic sigh, 'a man should only be engaged—to dinner. If that's cold, we can get the cook discharged. If it disagrees with us, perhaps medical art can find us a remedy. You can't discharge a wife—not generally speaking; and as to that, even physicians are in vain. Let us dine at the Acropolis. We'll have the best the *chef* can do for us. We'll toast celibacy in champagne.'

'Sour grapes,' sighed Boger.

'Not a bit of it—we'll have *Chiquet*!'

Pettigrew had forgotten his *Æsop*.

THE END.

#### BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,  
And dances down the tide;  
Beneath the sun bright colours gleam,  
And glisten on its side.  
What though, before a moment's past,  
It all must burst in air—  
The little while that it may last,  
The sunshine makes it fair.  
  
I will not care although my dream  
Be what I ne'er may see;  
My hope at least can make it seem  
As though it yet might be.  
A little longer, and I know  
It all may pass away;  
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,  
But keep it while I may.

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